

TWO GREAT SERIALS COMMENCED THIS WEEK

Republished by Request of Thousands, Albert W. Aiken's "Wolf Demon."

"DICK DARLING, THE PONY EXPRESS-RIDER." BY LAUNCE POYNTZ.

NEW YORK Saturday Evening Post A POPULAR PAPER FOR PLEASURE AND PROFIT.

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A MEMORY OF TWILIGHT.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

Round me fell the gloom of twilight,
Shutting out the world from sight,
But to me the atmosphere lighted
On by the lamps of night.

"I'm so tired," my darling whispered;
"And I want to go to sleep;
I could hear the quail's shrill piping
From the shadows, dense and deep.

"Take me on your bosom, mamma!"
Oh, how weak my darling's words,
But to me they held the music
Of a thousand singing-birds.

Close I held her to my bosom,
Strained against my aching breast,
But the mother arms about her
Could not soothe her into rest.

"Sing," she said. There was a ditty
To an old-time melody
That I used to sing to bush her
In her cradle knee;

And I sang this simple ditty
To its old, familiar air
While my tears were falling, falling
Like a rain upon her hair;

"Hush, my child, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed,
Heavenly blessings, without number,
Gently falling on thy head."

Came a light, so soft, so tender,
From the shadows in the west,
And it touched my darling's eyelids
With the blessed balm of rest.

Oh, that light—so strange, so radiant!
I have often thought, since then,
That an angel touched my darling
And so charmed away her pain.

For she slept—the last sweet slumber
The red demonial knows,
And her face grew strangely quiet
In a new and sweet repose.

Ah, she slept, to wake, at morning,
On the calm, eternal shore.
To that new and strange existence,
Wrapped in rest forevermore.

RED ARROW, THE WOLF DEMON;

OR,

The Queen of the Kanawha.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN,

AUTHOR OF "ROCKY MOUNTAIN BOB," "THE MAN FROM TEXAS," "OVERLAND KIT," "RED MAZEPHA," "ACE OF SPADES," "HEART OF FIRE," "WITCHES OF NEW YORK," ETC., ETC.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

DURING the summer of '64, I spent some three months in the district in Ohio, bounded by the Ohio, the Little Miami, and the Muskingum rivers, and in some of my pedestrian excursions I penetrated into the almost trackless wilderness that even now exists in some parts of West Virginia, on the eastern bank of the Ohio, the "white-oak land," almost worthless for agricultural purposes. I spent some time, too, in the town of Gallipolis, formerly the great central village of the Shawnee tribe. All this region is rich in Indian stories, handed down by tradition, from parent to child. In my rambles, I chanced to hear a rude and disconnected story of a terrible demon that had once afflicted the Indians about the time of Corn-planter, and the great expedition against Point Pleasant, on the Ohio, where the savages sustained such a terrible defeat. Putting the scattered links together, aided by the local traditions relative to the exploits of Boone, Kenton, and the renegades Girty and Kendrik, soon perceived that I had the materials for a romance of the early times along the Ohio that bid fair to far surpass, in interest, the usually dry recitals of the Indian border wars. The "Wolf Demon" tradition gave to the story of the sanguinary struggle an intense interest. That it is more than probable such a being could have existed, any well-read man in medical lore will surely affirm.

As far as possible I have verified local tradition by written annals, and have in no wise departed from the history of the troublous times wherein the great pioneer, Daniel Boone, played so prominent a part.

Probably the best proof that my story is, in the main, correct, is the request on the part of the leading daily newspaper of Wheeling, West Virginia (near to the scene of action of the story), to republish the romance in their columns, a request that I was compelled to decline, as the SATURDAY JOURNAL holds the copyright of the work.

Since the publication of the romance, I have read it carefully, and, like the artist who lingers over the finished picture, giving it here and there a touch, to make "completion more complete," I have added a few words now and then, either to make the dramatic action stronger, or else to bring the romance still nearer to historical truth.

"Ross Cottage," ALBERT W. AIKEN,
Brooklyn, N. Y., Sept. 23, 1873.

THE PROLOGUE.

IN THE GLADE AND BY THE MOONLIGHT.
The great, round moon looked down in a flood of silver light upon the virgin forests by the banks of the Scioto, the beautiful river which winds through the richest and fairest valley in all the wide western land—the great corn valley of the Shawnee tribe—those red warriors who, in their excursions across the Ohio (the "La Belle" river of the early French adventurers) had given to the plains and valleys of Kentucky the name of "The Dark and Bloody Land."



The rays of the moon fell upon a huge gray wolf, who walked erect like a man.

The tree-tops were green and silver; but under the spreading branches, sable was the gloom.

The strange, odd noises of the night broke the forest stillness. One hears all noises in the night even in a civilized land; how much more wondrous then are the wild, free cries of the inhabitants of the great green wood, untrammled by the restraining hand of man!

The free winds surged with a mournful sound through the branches of the wood.

A ring around the moon told the coming storm.

Dark masses of clouds dashed across the sky, ever and anon vailing in the "mistress of the night," as though some unquiet spirit was envious of the pale moonbeams, and wished to cover, with its mantle, the earth, and cloak an evil deed.

A frightened deer came dashing through the aisles of the forest—a noble buck with branch-

ing horns that told of many a year spent under the greenwood tree.

Across a little open glade, whereon the moonbeams fell—kissing the earth as though they loved it—dashed the deer, and then entering again the dark recesses of the forest, the brown coat of the wood-prince was lost in the inky gloom.

Then in the trail of the buck, guided by the noise of the rustling branches, came a dark form.

As the form stole, with noiseless tread across the moonlit glade, it displayed the person of an Indian warrior.

A red brave, decked out in deer-skin garb, stained with the pigments of the earth in many colors, and fringed in fanciful fashion.

The warrior was a tall and muscular savage, one of Nature's noblemen. A son of the wilderness untrammeled by the taint of civilization—a form that cast behind it a shadow gigantic in its height.

The form did not pass across the glade, but skulked around it in the shadow, as though it feared the moonlight.

The warrior penetrated into the thicket beyond the glade, but a hundred yards or so.

Then satisfied that the deer was thoroughly alarmed and had sought safety in flight, the

warrior began to retrace his steps. The Shawnee brave dreamed not of the dark and fearful form—that seemed neither man nor beast—that lurked in his track.

He had hunted the deer, but little thought he, too, in turn was hunted.

The red chief guessed not that the dread demon of his nation—the terrible foe who had left his red "totem" on the breast of many a stout Shawnee brave—was even now on his track, eager for that blood which was necessary to its existence.

With careless steps the warrior retraced his way.

From behind a tree-trunk came the terrible form. One single blow and a tomahawk crashed through the brain of the red-man.

With a groan the Shawnee chief sunk lifeless to the earth.

The dark form bent over him for a moment. Three rapid knife-slashes, and the mark of the destroyer was blazoned on the breast of the victim, reddened with blood.

Then through the aisles of the forest stole the dark form.

All living things—the insects of the earth—the birds of the night—shrank from its path.

It crossed the glade full in the soft light of the moon.

The rays of the orb of night fell upon a huge gray wolf, who walked erect like a man! The face of the wolf was that of a human. In the paw of the beast glistened the tomahawk of the red-man, the edge now scarlet with the blood of the Shawnee chief.

For a moment the moon looked upon the huge and terrible figure, and then, as if struck with deadly fear at the awful sight, hid itself behind a dark cloud.

When it again came forth the strange and terrible being, that wore the figure of a wolf and the face of a man, had disappeared, swallowed up in the gloom of the forest.

Once again the creatures of the night came forth. Again the shrill cries broke the stillness of the wood.

CHAPTER I.

THE MARK ON THE TREE.

Two rifle "cracks" broke the stillness of the wilderness, that stretched in one almost unbroken line from the Alleghany and Blue Ridge peaks to the Ohio river. The reports re-echoed over the broad expanse of the Kanawha and Ohio rivers, for the shots were fired near the junction of the two streams—fired so nearly at the same time that the two seemed almost like one report.

Then, before the smoke of the rifles had curled lazily upward in spiral rings on the air, came a crash in the tangled underbrush, and forth into a little open glade—the work of Nature's master hand—clashed a noble buck. The red stream bursting from a wound just behind the shoulder and staining crimson the glossy brown coat of the forest lord, told plainly that he was stricken unto death.

The buck gained the center of the glade, then his stride weakened; the dash through the thicket was the last despairing effort of the poor brute to escape from the invisible foes whose death-dealing balls had pierced his side.

With a moan of pain, almost human in its expression, the buck fell upon his knees, then rolled over on his side, dead.

The brute had fallen near the trunk of a large oak tree—a tree distinguished from its neighbors by a blazon upon its side, whereon, in rude characters, some solitary hunter had cut his name.

Scarce had the death-bleat of the buck pierced the silence of the glen, when two men came dashing through the woods, each eager to be the first to secure the game.

One of the two was some twenty yards in advance of the other, and reached the body of the dead buck just as his rival emerged from the thicket.

Placing his foot upon the buck, and rifle in hand, he prepared to dispute the quarry with the second hunter, for both men—strangers to each other—had fired at the same deer.

The hunter who stood with his foot upon the buck, in an attitude of proud defiance, had reloaded his rifle as he ran, and was prepared to defend his right to the game to the bitter end.

In person, the hunter was a muscular, well-built man, standing some six feet in height. Not a clumsy, overgrown giant, hardly able to bear his own weight, but a man as supple and as active as a puma. He was clad in buckskin hunting-shirt and leggings, made in the Indian fashion, but unlike that fashion in one respect, and that was that no gaudy ornaments decorated the garments. Upon the feet of the hunter were a pair of moccasins. A cap rudely fashioned from a piece of deer-skin, and with the little flat tail of the animal as an ornament, completed the dress of the hunter.

The face of the man was singular to look upon. The features were large and clearly cut. The cold, gray eye, broad forehead, and massive, squarely-chiseled chin, told of dauntless courage and of an iron will. A terrible scar extended from the temple to the chin on the left side of the face.

The hunter was quite young—not over twenty-five, though deep lines of care were upon the face.

The second hunter, who came from the tangled thicket, but paused on the edge of the little glen on beholding the threatening attitude of the hunter who stood with his foot on the

deer, was a man who had probably seen forty years. He, too, like the other, was of powerful build, and his muscular frame gave promise of great strength.

He was dressed, like the first, in the forest garb of deer-skin, but his dress was gayly fringed and ornamented.

In his hand he bore one of the long rifles so common to the frontier settler of that time, for our story is of the year 1780.

The clear blue eye of the second hunter took in the situation at a glance. He readily saw that the man who stood so defiantly by the deer was not disposed to yield his claim to the animal without a struggle. So the second hunter determined upon a parley.

"Hello, stranger! I reckon we're both after the same critter," said the hunter who stood on the edge of the little glade.

"Yes; it 'pears so," replied the other, who stood by the deer.

There was something apparently in the voice of the last comer that impressed the first favorably, for he dropped the butt of his rifle to the ground, though he still kept his foot upon the deer's carcass.

"Well, stranger, we can't both have the game. I think I hit him, an' of course, as it is but natral, you think so, too. So I reckon we'd better find out which one of us he belongs to; 'cause I don't want him if my ball didn't finish him, an' of course, you don't want him if he's min' by right," said the second hunter, approaching the other fearlessly.

"You're right, by hooky!" cried the other, yielding to the influence of the good-humored tone of the other.

"Let me introduce myself, stranger, 'cos you seem to be a new-comer 'round here," said the old hunter. "My name's Daniel Boone; mayhap you've heard of me."

"Well, I reckon I have!" exclaimed the other, in astonishment. "That's few men on the border but what have heard on you. I'm right glad to see you kurnel."

"How may I call your name?" asked Boone, who had taken a fancy to the brawny stranger.

"That's my mark—my handle," said the stranger, pointing as he spoke to the name carved on the tree-trunk by which the deer had fallen; "that's me."

Boone cast his eye upon the tree.

*A B L A R K
HIS MARK*

Such was the inscription blazoned upon the trunk of the oak.

"You see, kurnel, the buck evidently thought that it was a ball from my rifle that ended him, 'cos he laid down to die right under my name," said the hunter, with a laugh.

"Abe Lark!" Boone read the inscription upon the tree aloud.

"Yes, that's me, kurnel; your'n to command," replied the hunter.

"Stranger in these parts?" questioned Boone.

"Yes," replied the other; "I've jest come down from the north. I camped hyar last night, an' this morning I jest put my mark on to the tree, so that folks might know that I was 'round."

"I'm right glad to meet you," and Boone shook hands warmly with the stranger hunter. "And while you're in these parts, just take up your quarter with me. I'm stopping down yonder, at Point Pleasant, on a visit to some friends of mine."

"Well, I don't mind, kurnel; I'll take your invitation in the same good spirit that you offer it," said Lark.

"Now for the deer; let's see who the animal belongs to," cried Boone, kneeling down by the carcass.

"Why, kurnel, I resign all claim. It ain't for me to dispute with Kurnel Boone!" exclaimed Lark.

"Resign your claim?" cried Boone, in astonishment. "Not by a jugful. I'll wager my rifle ag'in a pop-gun that you're as good a hand at the rifle as myself. It's just as likely to be your deer as mine."

Then the two carefully examined the carcass. They found the marks of the two bullets easily; both had struck the animal just behind the shoulder, but on opposite sides. It was difficult to determine which had inflicted the death-wound.

"Well, now, this would puzzle a lawyer," muttered Boone.

"Suppose we divide the animal, share and share alike," said Lark.

"That's square," replied Boone. "We'll take the buck in to the station. By the way, what's the news from the upper settlements?"

"Well, nothing particular, 'cept that the red devils are on the war-path ag'in," replied Lark.

Boone was astonished at the news.

"On the war-path ag'in, eh? What tribe?"

"The Shawnees and the Wyandots."

"The Shawnees and the Wyandots?" cried Boone; "then we'll see fire and smoke gunpowder round these parts before long."

"I shouldn't wonder," said the other.

"Well, I'm glad that you have brought the news. We'll be able to prepare for the imp's."

"You can depend upon it," said Lark; "a friend of mine has been right through the Shawnee country. They are coming down to the settlements in greater force than was ever known before. They've been stirred up by the British on the border. I did hear say that the British Governor agreed to give so much apiece for white scalps to the red savages."

"The eternal villain!" cried Boone, indignantly.

"The Injuns are a-goin' to try to wipe out all the settlements on the Ohio. It will be a blood-bath while it lasts," said Lark, soberly.

"We'll have to face it," replied Boone. "Did your friend hear what chief was going to lead the expedition ag'in us on the south?"

"Yess; Ke-ne-ha-ha."

"The man—that-walks," said Boone, thoughtfully. "He's one of the best warriors in all the Shawnee nation. Blood will run like water along our borders, I'm afraid."

"Yes, and the renegade, Simon Girty, is to guide the Injuns."

"If I had him within reach of my rifle once, he'd never guide another Injun expedition ag'in his own flesh and blood," said Boone, and his hand closed tightly around the rifle-barrel.

"I was jest on my way to the settlement at Point Pleasant when I started up the buck this morning," said Lark.

"Well, I'm right glad that it happened as it did, 'cos I shouldn't have had the pleasure of meetin' you," said Boone. "Now, s'pose we swing the buck on pole an' tote it in to the station. I reasonably expect that there'll be some white faces over yonder when they hear that Ke-ne-ha-ha an' his Shawnees, to say notthin' of Girty, are on the war-path."

"There ought to be good men enough along the Ohio to whip any force those red devils can bring," said Lark.

"Well, they're awfully scattered, but I reckon that now that we know what's goin' on, we can get men enough to give the Shawnees all the fighting that they want."

Then the two slung the buck on a pole and started to the station known as Point Pleasant.

CHAPTER II.

THE SECRET FOE.

In the pleasant valley of the Scioto, near what is now the town of Chillicothe, stood the principal village of the great Shawnee nation—the Indian tribe that could bring ten thousand warriors into the field—deadly enemies of the pale-faced intruder.

All was bustle within the Indian village. To one used to the Indian customs, it would have been plain that the red-skins were preparing for the war-path.

The village was alive with warriors. Gayly-painted savages, decked with ochre and vermilion, strutted proudly up and down, eagerly waiting for the time to come when, like tigers, they could spring upon the pale-faces and rend their weapons with the blood of their hated foes.

Over the village ruled the great chief, Ke-ne-ha-ha, or "The-man-that-walks"—so termed first, because he was reputed to be the fastest runner of any red braves in the Ohio valley, Shawnee, Wyandot, or Mingo; second, that, when a youth, on his first war-path against the Hurons, he had stolen by night into the midst of a Huron village, literally walked among the sleeping warriors, and brought back to his comrades the scalp of a great Huron chief, whom he had dispatched without alarming the sleepers—the greatest warrior in all the Shawnee nation—a chief wise in council, brave on the war-path, and wily as the red fox.

In the village of the red-men were two whose skins were white, though they were Indians at heart. The two were renegades from their country and their kin.

These two stood together by the river's bank, and idly watched the daring and howling warriors. They were dressed in the Indian fashion, and were sinewy, powerful men in build.

The taller of the two, whose hair and eyes were dark, was called Simon Girty. At one time he had been reputed to be one of the best scouts on the border, but, for some reason, he had forsaken the settlements and found a home with the fierce red-men of the forest-wild, giving up home, country, friends, every thing. He had been adopted into the Indian tribe, and none of his red-skinned brothers seemed to bear a deadly hatred to the whites as this renegade, Simon Girty.

This companion was not quite so tall, or as stoutly built. He was called David Kendrick, and was an adopted son of the Shawnees, as Girty was of the Wyandots.

"This is going to be a bloody business," said Girty, as he surveyed the yelling Indians, who were busy in the "scalp-dance."

"Yes, our chief, Ke-ne-ha-ha, has sworn to break the power of the whites along the Ohio. The braves are well provided with arms by the British Governor. Kentucky never saw such a force upon her border as this will be," replied the other.

"The more the better," said the renegade, Girty, moodily.

Then a howl of anguish rang through the Indian village. The braves stopped their sports to listen. They knew the signal well: it was the wail for the dead. It told that some Shawnee warrior had gone to the spirit-land.

The cry of anguish came from a party of braves entering the village from the south. In their midst they bore what seemed, to the eyes of the renegades, a human body.

The warriors deposited their burden before the door of the council-lodge.

Attracted by the death-note, Ke-ne-ha-ha, the great chief of the Shawnees, came from his lodge.

The chief was a splendid specimen of a man. He stood nearly six feet in height, and was as straight as an arrow. He was quite light in hue for an Indian, and his features were intelligent and finely cut.

Astonishment flashed from his eyes as he gazed upon the face of the dead Indian, around whom, at a respectful distance, were grouped the Shawnee warriors.

The chief recognized the features of the brave known as Little Crow, a stout warrior, and reputed to be one of the best fighting-men in all the Shawnee nation.

"Wah!" said the chief, in a tone that betrayed deep astonishment, "the soul of the Little Crow has gone to the spirit-land—he rests in Manitou's bosom. Let my braves speak—who has taken the life of the Shawnee warrior?"

"Let the chief open his ears and he shall hear," replied one of the braves, a tall, muscular warrior, known as Wa-egy. "Little Crow went forth, last night, to hunt the deer in the woods of the Scioto. He was a great warrior; his arm was strong—his feet swift on the trail. He told his brother that he would return before the spirit-lights (stars) died. He did not come. His brothers sought for him. By the banks of the Scioto they found him, but the hatchet of a foe had taken the life of the Little Crow."

Then the chief knelt by the side of the body and examined the wound in the head; the clot-tied blood marked the spot.

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"The totem of the Wolf Demon?" exclaimed the chief.

The circle of friends gazed upon the mysterious mark in silent consternation. Their staring eyes and fear-stricken countenances showed plainly how deeply they were interested.

And what was the totem of the Wolf Demon?

On the naked breast of the brawny dead

chief were three slashes, apparently made by a knife, thus:



And the blood, congealing on the skin, formed a Red Arrow.

It was the totem of the Wolf Demon—the invisible and fatal scourge of the great Shawnee nation. Thus he marked his victims.

The chief arose with a troubled look upon his haughty face.

"Let my people sing the death-song, for a brave warrior has gone to the spirit-land. Ke-ne-ha-ha will seek the counsel of the Great Medicine Man, so that he may learn how to fight the Wolf Demon, who has stricken unto death the great braves of the Shawnee nation, and put the totem of the Red Arrow upon their breast."

Sorrowfully the warriors obeyed the words of the chief, and soon the sound of lamentation wailed out loud on the air, which, but a moment before, had resounded with the glad shouts of triumph.

Slowly the warriors obeyed the words of the chief to himself to the lodge of the old Indian who was the Great Medicine Man of the Shawnee tribe.

The death of one of the principal warriors of his tribe by the dreaded hand of the Wolf Demon, almost within the very precincts of his village, and at the very moment when he was preparing to set out on his expedition against the whites, seemed like an omen of evil. A student at a foreign university, he had been hurriedly called home by the sickness of his father, his only parent. He arrived just in time to close that father's eyes. And when he came to settle up his parent's estate, instead of finding himself—as he had expected—the possessor of a goodly fortune, he discovered that some few hundred dollars was all in the world that he could call his own.

Young Harvey Winthrop, though, had the right stuff in his nature. Bidding his friends adieu, he set forth to make new ones, and to care for out for himself a fortune by the banks of the "Beautiful River"—the Ohio.

So it is, that on that pleasant summer's day, the young Bostonian found himself on the trail leading to Point Pleasant, and was fast approaching that station.

"The settlement can not be far off now," he said, musing to himself as he rode along, and, rising in his stirrups, he strove with his gaze to penetrate through the mazes of the almost trackless forest before him.

Then to the astonished ears of the young man came a woman's scream, evidently given under great alarm.

The traveler checked his horse and snatched the rifle from the saddle.

Again on the still air rung out the scream, shrilly, coupled with a cry for help. The cry came from the ravine on the right.

In a second he leaped from the saddle, and, rifle in hand, plunged into the ravine. His horse—a well-trained beast—remained motionless on the spot where his rider had left him.

The young man dashed up the steep ascent at break-neck speed.

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"I want you to marry me, Ytol. I'll take you away from here; we'll travel through the Old World, and see all those sights you have so often told me you yearned for. My life, so far, has been aimless. You are the first woman I ever loved, since my dear mother died. I want you to see how great that love is. I'll try to make your life one never-ending hour of contentment and joy. Tell me, now: won't you be my wife?"

"Jerome, I can not."

Her head was drooping; the answer came hushedly, yet it was prompt.

"Do you love me?"

"Heaven knows I love you, Jerome."

"Then what is the secret that keeps you from me?"

There was no reply. Ytol was suffering, then, more than he could dream of.

"Are you made of stone, Ytol?" he asked, bitterly.

"Oh! Jerome, I dare not marry you—I could not tell you I love you; but it is not such a love as you seek and deserve, it is not the love a wife should bear her husband. You have been as a kind brother to me—and I have seen few friends that I have blessed you in my prayers, night and day. But I have no feeling beyond that. It were a sin for you and I to wed, when you would be sure to be disappointed in me. Won't you continue to be my brother? Oh! if you only knew—if you only knew!" The last like a wail, the moaning of an anguished spirit that then controlled her.

"If I only knew what, Ytol?"

She was weeping, and made no answer to his question.

"This is a rejection, then."

"We can not marry, Jerome; my conscience forbids it."

"Be it so. I bid you farewell to-night, Ytol."

"Oh, don't go away," she said, clinging tighter to him.

"It would be torturing to me to remain—"

"Don't leave me!"

"On this very spot . . . I hope you may be happy, Ytol. I wish I knew the secret—for it must be more than what you have told me—that places this cruel barrier between us. But, I'll not question you. I accept my fate. Once I thought there might be something in the world to give me true joy—that something yourself. You have denied me the boon. I shall try to survive this, by roaming out my loneliness in other lands. If we should ever meet again, and no other has won you for a bride, Time may, perhaps, have altered your heart, and I may taste the sweets that have here been held out to me in hope, then dashed to atoms. I shall never forget you, never cease to love you; but now—farewell, Ytol, farewell!" He displaced her hand and stepped quickly back.

"Jerome! Jerome! Come back!—don't leave me forever!"

He was gone. He had pressed her hand in an icy grasp, then glided from her side, struggling manfully to crush the emotion that was rising in his breast.

A dwarfed form rose out of the shadowy surrounding, and stole forward toward her—followed by a second, a female, moving as swift, noiseless, significant.

Danger hovered thick near Ytol, though she knew it not.

"Oh, Jerome! you think I have no heart, no passion, no feeling. Heaven help me! I am miserable enough without your disfavor; ay, miserable enough to bless the veriest beggar for a friendly deed or word. How could you leave me so?—you, the only man who has gladdened my moments with a brother's love. And have I done right? Why should I still be true to Wharle? I may never see him again; and if I did, we could be nothing to each other. I might make Jerome happy, even if I—!" She stepped short at her ear caught the stealthily approaching footsteps.

Her immediate impression was that Jerome was returning. A wild impulse seized her. She would take back the words that had made him so sorrowful; she would—

"Jerome! Oh! Jerome!"

But it was not Jerome. She saw two spectral figures darting upon her—a thrill of fear came over her, and his name froze on her parted lips.

Ere she could shriek she was encircled by a pair of strong arms, and a handkerchief, saturated with chloroform, was pressed down over her mouth and nostrils.

"Ha! ha! we have her at last. Tight, Catdjo! hold her tight!"

Ytol struggled desperately; but it was not for long.

When she lay limp and still she was grasped up in the muscular arms, and borne rapidly away toward the beach.

Her captors were Dwilla St. Jean and the Dwarf.

On the sands a life-boat was in waiting, and three men stood ready to launch it.

Ytol was deposited in the stern sheets; and, watching their opportunity, the boat was run out between the break of the waves. Catdjo and the men tumbled to their oars, pulling steadily in the direction of a bright light that rode on the billows ahead.

As the abductors made off, a shaggy object shot through the air in pursuit, uttering a loud, angry yell. It was Carlo.

The dog fell short of the boat, and was thrown back upon the sands on the crest of the flood-tide breakers. He essayed again to follow, but he could not, and each moment his mistress was receding further and further with her captors, till she was utterly lost in the gloom.

Then, amid the roar and surge of the ocean, rose the dog's long, doleful howl of distress.

Ytol was missed and promptly sought after. All search proved unavailing of course. When they had hunted everywhere around the hotel, and day-dawn was near at hand, Harry Drew ran down to the beach to see if there were any traces of her having been there. Perhaps, had he seen the furrow from the boat-keel and the numerous footprints, his suspicions would have been aroused; but there had been a severe storm toward morning, and an unusually high tide, and the tracks were obliterated.

He met Carlo, whose deep wail had drawn him thither from the plank walk.

"Carlo! Carlo! where's Ytol? Find her, Carlo!"

The dog yelped and barked, and turned his muzzle toward the sea, and there were tears of grieving in his great black eyes. He seemed inconsolable; and Harry thought he read in his actions the story of Ytol's fate.

"Ytol must have been drowned!" he groaned, shuddering. "How could it have happened? How am I to tell the news?"—and, as if unwilling to yield to the belief that she had perished? "Ytol! Ytol! where are you?"

But the breaking day showed him a spotless sea, and all around was deserted. An ominous conviction that she was lost wrung his honest breast, and he turned sadly away from the lashing surf.

Carlo followed, anon pausing and looking back, uttering low whines.

Next day Jerome, too, was missing. He had disappeared as strangely as Ytol.

The whole was a mystery, for which Madame Gossip readily manufactured tales and hints in conjecture.

CHAPTER IX.

THE THREAT OF DOOM.

"That sudden gushing of our vain despair, When none but God can hear or heed our call."

—NORRIS.

"The night came down in terror. Through the air Mountains of clouds, with lurid summits, rolled ; The lightning kindling with its vivid glow, Their outlines, as they rose, heaped bold on bold,

—SARGENT.

During the evening dark clouds had gathered in the western sky, drawing slowly higher and higher in the heavens till the stars disappeared, and an impenetrable gloom lowered overhead.

There were occasional lightning-flashes far off on the horizon, and faint boomerings of thunder warned of an approaching tempest.

Headless of this, a yacht was skimming over the rolling billows, her canvas spread like the wings of a huge night-bird, plowing the rising waves.

The red light in her bows had been extinguished, and the lantern at the helm only glimmered faintly in the inky blackness.

In the cabin, on one of the curtained bunks, lay Ytol—pale as a corpse, and seemingly dead. But there was life in the motionless form, to return with all its pangs and weary weights, and to the realization of new terrors.

A female, masked, and wearing a hooded cloak, stood beside the bunk, holding aside the faded draperies, and bending forward to watch the quivering lid and lash of the captive.

Behind the masked figure stood Catdjo.

The Dwarf's eyes were fixed on the couch with their old vacant stare; his arms were folded across his breast. He was like an ugly image of wood, save that he swayed with the lurching of the craft.

Pretty soon Ytol began to revive. There were symptoms of hysteria, convulsive tremblings, and she half-moaned, half-laughed as the drug gradually relaxed its influence upon her. Then the blue eyes opened wide.

"Wake up, Ytol Dufour!—wake up!" called the figure, leaning closer.

Bewilderment still held the girl; for some moments she did not move a muscle.

"Who are you?" she asked, starting to her elbow, and gazing hard at the mask.

"One who has searched for Ytol Dufour these many years, and who sought your mother before you."

Ytol Dufour?—Dufour?

"That is Wharle's name—not mine," she thought, perplexed at the other's reply. "What can this mean? Oh! how my head pains me!" She pressed one hand across her eyes, for her vision was swimming, and her brain was aching sorely.

"Come on deck," he growled.

"What do you want?" she demanded.

"There's somethin' sp'cious follerin' after us, like mad. I want you to see it."

She followed him on deck, and he led the way to the rubber-wheel.

"Look that," pointing astern, "d'y'e see that?"

The figure had removed the mask while ascending the short ladder, and now, by the dim rays of the lantern, we discover the face of Dwilla St. Jean.

She gazed hard through the murk in the direction indicated. At first she could discern nothing; but, as her vision accustomed itself to the strain, she beheld something like a light, or a faint wavering halo, that appeared to be following them closely, and which was perceptibly gaining on them.

"What is it?" Dwilla asked.

"What? Well, you ain't as smart as I thought you was, for a young business gal. That's're a yacht."

"A yacht?"

"Yes; an' they're after us."

"Ha! can it be we're pursued?"

"Comin' up purty lively, too," added the captain, rough and frowning.

"Are you sure?"

"Just as sure as I am that we're goin' to have a small hurricane after a bit—an' that's party sure, isn't it? Hear the thunder?"

Dwilla had paid no heed to the rapidly approaching tempest till this moment. Even as the captain spoke, a vivid flash lighted up the heavens and the sea, followed by a loud peal of thunder overhead.

"Do you hear Jove a-speakin'?"

"Change your course a little, captain," requested Dwilla, oblivious to his remark.

"Far from friends, and in my power, Ytol Dufour. Do you hear?—you are being borne further and further from those who love you, deeper and deeper into the net of those who hate you, I say."

Ytol was dumb with a nameless feeling. The disguised voice continued:

"You are completely in my power; no one near to hear me, if you cry for help. If you do not believe me, then test it."

It seemed as if she was not yet awake. She could not comprehend; yet the voice was threatening, penetrating, sharp in its accent.

The orbs in the eyelets of the black mask flashed burningly on her as their owner spoke.

Ytol's heart pulsed quicker, as her eyes wandered to the hideous being who stood near the door. Her veins chilled as she recognized the same unearthly features that had terrified her, in the afternoon, at the 'net tryst.

"Where are you taking me to?" she faltered, while a gathering fear was written in her every lineament.

"To your doom, Ytol Dufour!—the same doom which was meted to Nora Dufour, your mother, by other hands than ours."

"My mother?" echoed Ytol. "But, my name is not Dufour—"

"It is. You are Ytol Dufour, the child of Nora Dufour, who was the last daughter of David Dame. And we hate you for it—we hate you!"

"Ugh!" grunted Catdjo, taking a step nearer, and clutching his fists.

"Oh! tell me!" cried Ytol, "did you know my mother? What became of her?"

"Think of yourself now, and not her. She was cast from a vessel named the Gipsy Queen by a man bribed to the deed by a brother of her husband. It saved us trouble. Yoh will soon join her. You are to perish like her!"

"I? You are going to kill me?"

The figure nodded.

"No, no, no!" she screamed. "This is some cruel dream. I could be nothing but a misery to you! What have I done?"

"A dream too real to doubt!" interrupted the malicious voice. "Look: do you see that piece of deformity?"—leveling and shaking a finger at Catdjo—"do you see the hump on his back, and the scars on his face? Do you mark that he is silent?—he has no tongue! It was shot from his mouth by a pistol-ball, and your father held the weapon. Look at him, I say: is he not a sight to be jeered at and spit upon? Can he ever be remade, or hope to regain the symmetry God gave him? And to your father he owes it all! Catdjo seeks vengeance. I have no special hate for you; but I must talk and act for him. He swore the oath of vendetta, at the very altar where Silas Dufour wedded your mother—Silas Dufour, the drunkard. Do you think there is pity in his heart? Do not hope for it. You are his victim, and you are to die, to wipe out the wrong your flesh has perpetrated. See, Catdjo!—the

light of terror in her staring eyes; she became rigid as marble.

The Dwarf, while Ytol's tormentor spoke, was worked upon by the recounting of his injuries. His dull orbs lighted up and burned malignantly. When she drew forth and held up to his gaze the medallion picture we have seen her exhibit in a former chapter, Catdjo's visage, contorted and red, assumed an expression of diabolical fury. A sound like the whining howl of an angry animal issued from his throat, he straightened and strained his arms at his side, and gazed as if transfixed in passion.

"Can you pray?" interrogated the female, turning abruptly to the startled captive. "Then pray now. We are making for Delaware Bay. When we enter its waters, you are going overboard, with a bar of iron lashed to your feet!"

A sense of her absolute peril now centered in the young girl, and she wailed:

"I never harmed you!—we never met before! Don't do this deed—in the name of Heaven, spare me! Take me back to my friends!"

"Take her back! Hear hear, Catdjo! Ha! ha! ha!"

A guttural, chuckling, gurgling sound came from Catdjo's thick lips. His face never relaxed its fierceness.

"Whoever you are," cried the now thoroughly frightened girl, "have mercy. Let me return!"

"Ha! ha! ha! ha!"—a grating, heartless laugh; and then: "No mercy for the child of Silas Dufour! Ha! ha! catch her! Don't let her escape!"

Ytol had leaped from the couch, and darted in the direction of the door.

It was mechanical, the impulse of her terror, for her heart was pulseless, and her mind derelict with the sudden comprehension of her real danger.

"Stop her! Catdjo!—stop her!"

The Dwarf caught her rudely by the arm—a grip that wrung from her a shriek of pain.

"Ugh!" he grunted, holding her struggling in his vice-like grip.

"Not yet, Ytol Dufour!" taunted the woman voice.

"You never leave this apartment till you go to your death!"

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Saturday Journal

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Saturday Journal

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BY ALBERT W. AIKEN,
AUTHOR OF "THE WITCHES OF NEW YORK," "THE MAD DETECTIVE," "SCARLET HAND," ETC., ETC.

ALL BY WRITERS OF UNQUELED POPULARITY—each a center of interest dissimilar and peculiar—covering the wide fields of Love and Heart Life; Border and Indian Life; City Life; Domestic Life; Life in the Prison, the Palace and the Camp. What paper in America can present such a literary programme for the season? And yet, these are but a small portion of the splendid things that already are provided for the Readers of the SATURDAY JOURNAL. "The Gem of the Weeklies."

Our Arm-Chair.

Chat.—"Holding the mirror up to Nature" is a very sure way to enlist attention, on or off the stage. Yet, comparatively few authors comprehend the fact that he is most celebrated and the most read who delineates life and human nature most truthfully. Mr. Aiken, aside from the intrinsic interest of his stories, and the art of his plot, is notably a keen student of nature. His stories, indeed, present a succession of life-pictures whose force and truthfulness impress the most careless reader. Referring to this element in his contributions an intelligent reader writing from Vineland, N. J., says:

"The 'JOURNAL' is very popular here. It is what I call a clean paper. I have read aloud the Justice Court scenes in 'The Man-from-Texas' to a number of my friends, and they were delighted with the faithful portraiture of South-western justice. Indeed, I have witnessed incidents, fully as rich, down in Georgia, since the war."

That Mr. Aiken had "been there," and photographed Arkansas life from the spot, his "Man-from-Texas" gives most ample assurance. It is a queer, strange story, and, in our opinion, one of the best American novels ever written, and will be so pronounced when it is reprinted on the other side of the ocean.

Many of the writers whose pens give life and interest to our paper, are writing out of their own experiences, on Sea and Land—in City and Country—among the savages and among the *élite* of the "Best Circles." None write so well as those who speak of what they know. To show out of what material some authors are made, we quote the following paragraphs from a letter accompanying the following contributions for our columns:

"A decided love for adventure and novelty of position has caused some thirty odd years of my life to be spent in traveling the entire world, and filling positions of an anomalous character."

"I have served in twenty distinct branches of the armies of five nations—and in the navies of two. I have held appointments in hospitals, lunatic asylums, convict establishments and jails; have been employed in the police and detective service; traveled with theatrical and circus companies, besides filling quite a variety of widely different occupations (some of a very singular nature) in various parts of the world."

"Now, in the total absence of vanity, I am sure that my memory abounds in stories, anecdotes and strange facts possessing as much amusement, interest and originality as can be found in similar writings of the day."

If this gentleman doesn't succeed as an author it certainly will not be from lack of life-adventure and experience. It may be that, like our Major Max Martine, he knows so much from his own experience that if he told the whole truth people would not believe him!

APPLICATION.

THE failures that beset so many individuals in this mundane sphere of ours have for their origin the lack of application, and the throwing away of the substance to seek after the shadow. We are a roving, changeable set of human beings, and, thinking we can better our condition by a change, we neglect the opportunities we have by seeking after others which we seldom obtain; whereas, were we to place our attention on the work we have before us, we should be more sure of arriving at some ultimate good than by idling our time in the vain hope

of becoming more wealthy and famous through some undefined channel.

It is strange that, when men have sufficient means, they do not invest them in some sure enterprise instead of rushing headlong into speculations that eventually lead to their ruin.

There are authors who are not as willing to apply themselves to one work as to have many on their hands. They commence a story and arrive at the very center of it, when new ideas and plots enter their brains, and they leave the work to begin another, most likely to relinquish it as they did the first. Thus they have an amount of unfinished *Mss.* upon their hands—productions which they scarcely ever complete, thereby causing them a loss of time, labor, and money.

Whatever one begins he should strive to finish, or the precious moments God has given us to use will be wasted and our works good for naught.

Strict application will do more wonders for us than we are aware of. Phonography looks extremely hard at first; it appears as though it never could be mastered; but, by patience and perseverance, the student is able, ere a great while, to write a hundred words a minute and often more. Were we to give up at the first discouragement, there would never be much gained in the world; sluggards would take the place of the workers, and idleness push in industry aside.

Instead of our teachers crowding so many studies into the noddles of our rising generation, would it not be better to be thorough with a few branches of education than to fill the heads of Young Americans with a jumble and jargon of what they can not comprehend? Fewer studies, and more time devoted to them, would give us smarter men and women, but how inconsistent does it appear to put a person into foreign languages before they are masters of their own tongue, and how ridiculous does it seem to cram algebra into those who are scarcely able to spell their own names, or to "cipher" correctly!

We should go in for progress, but we should not have "too many ironies in the fire." A man who does one thing well is of more worth than he who tries half a dozen and makes a botch of them all. When you hear of some great deed done, some noble work accomplished, you may know that the result could not have been arrived at without great labor and constant application.

FOREIGN OR NATIVE TALENT?

It is folly—it is a ridiculous thing, and I, for one, am ashamed of the American citizens who are guilty of this abominable bit of nonsense, and I am just going to write my sentiments in regard to the matter, because I know all sensible persons will agree with me. It has worried me a great deal, and I should have ventilated the subject sooner, only I wanted to see how long I could keep quiet on the affair, and I find the hour has come when I must have my say or go into a "confession fit."

I hate to see our people neglect our native talent and rush after that which is foreign, just as though we were ashamed of the products of our own dear country and thought that no person possessed talent except foreigners, and nothing was good in America.

A manager wants a star; he runs over to England to secure it. An Impressario desires a prima donna; he goes to Italy for her, and for gets that she is just as much talent at home as he can get abroad, but then, you know, it must be foreign to please the public. Must it? Well, then, the public are humbugs, and if any one thinks them I am naughty to call names you can just tell them that Eve Lawless considers it no sin to tell the truth, whatever others may think.

Then you know this foreign flummery must have three and four times the amount of salary demanded by our own native performers, which has ever been a most impenetrable mystery to me, though I presume it is all right, and I must be woefully ignorant not to be able to see it. If now—mind, I say—if—foreigners are worth more than natives, let them be paid accordingly; but if we didn't patronize the former, and almost totally disregard the latter, they wouldn't be worth more to the managers, looking at the matter in a pecuniary light. We ought to take a pride in the merit of our own performers and let them have the benefit of our spare change, but we don't, and that just makes us appear foolish and inconsistent.

How some publishers delight to have English writers contribute to their publications! Would it not be uncharitable to say, it is because they can obtain their works for a mere nothing? It can not be because those writers are better than our American authors, for that would be a—no such thing. We have an immense amount of first-class home literary talent, and the reason that it is so little brought out is because some publishers—of course there are exceptions—who are not willing to pay writers enough to follow that profession, and, you know, authors are but mortals, after all, and can not subsist upon air; though it would seem as though they were expected to do so.

Don't think me uncharitable, and that I detect foreigners. I do not. Many a noble man and woman do I know who are not of my own country, and, even they often wonder why we do not use more exertion in bringing out our own talent and patronize it, when we have brought it out.

Because we are not encouraged we do not endeavor to cultivate the gifts Heaven has bestowed upon us. We say, "What is the use?" we are Americans and our brothers will not give us the aid we need. "A prophet is not without honor, save in his own country," but we have not the desire or the means to gain reputation away from home. We want the encouragement of those who have grown up around us, and so long as that is with us we have no ambition to try."

Whether that speech is right or wrong is not for me to say, but such speeches are made, and until we turn over a new leaf they will continue to be made.

Let us give our own kith and kin an opportunity to make their mark, and show them how much we appreciate their endeavors, and you will find that those who are sluggish now will find an impetus to strive manfully for the noble end to be obtained; but if you don't give them the merit of praise, how can you be so foolish as to expect them to try?

There, my good Mr. Editor, and you, patient readers, that is the cause of my perturbation, and what is the verdict you give? For or against the plea of EVE LAWLESS?

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Foolscap Papers.

The Return of Columbus.

WHEN Ferdinand and Isabella were informed by Atlantic cable dispatch of the great discoveries made in the New World by Columbus, and that he was on his way home with all his trunks and carpet-sacks and valises filled with spoils, they prepared to give him a glorious welcome.

A proud day it was for Columb when he entered the Spanish capital with his grand procession, headed by the brass band, and made his way to the tent where Ferd and Isabella were waiting to receive him—excuse me, but my long acquaintance with these two royal personages has made me familiar with their names. They shook hands with him and told him to take a chair and be seated, and make himself comfortable.

He thanked them on behalf of himself, sat down, tried to spit clear of the carpet but didn't, and proceeded to tell the story of his adventures and discoveries. He spoke of the islands he had visited—especially of Coney Island, where he met the natives in their original simplicity, but had been very much set back by being too sure that he knew which card was the three-spot, and had lost confidence and some money.

Had suffered the exquisite pleasure of being interviewed by reporters for seventeen daily papers, and had his name spelled wrong in fourteen of them. He had smoked the cigar of peace with the President, who received him with great hospitality at his wigwam, and introduced him to his counselors, and made no attempt to burn him at the stake, and he had received many free tickets to concerts and theaters.

Gold! There was no end to it in the United States; it was everywhere; and of silver there was an abundance. He had bought gold watches and chains at the auction stores for little or nothing, and any amount of silver spoons at fifty cents a set; and there were plenty more left, enough to load all the White Star steamers. He said he had been completely bewildered at the abundance of the precious metals; they were everywhere.

One of the greatest discoveries he had made was of a peculiar beverage which the natives seemed very fond of, called whisky, obtained by tapping corn-stalks and rectifying the juice; he begged to present his monarch with a choice bottle of it, sworn to be ten years old and not infirm. Ferd swallowed the marvelous story and the contents of the bottle, and got exhilarated and said Columbus was a bully boy, and that the beverage was the best article to make a fellow wallo Spanish he had ever tasted. This was the proudest moment of Columb's life.

He called Ferd's attention to the group of natives who had come along with him on their road to the Vienna Exposition, tricked out in the most gorgeous array—the male Aborigines in swallow-tailed coats and plug hats, patent-leather boots and much watch seal; the females in all the glory of the native American fashions. Queen Isabella was perfectly charmed at their rich apparel, and was greatly surprised to hear that wives of the poorest husbands there dressed equally as fine or got a "confession fit."

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Woman's World.

Banks and Bonnets.—How Bonnets Sold During the Bank Panic.—A Fall Opening.—The Coming Fashion in Bonnets.—Can we Make Our Bonnets at Home?

furious luxuries at such a time as this. But a feeling of sympathy for the merchant who had added this millinery department to his establishment for the first time this season, induced me to take a second thought and go.

"Live and learn," I now say to myself. My readers, I learned that day what a prime necessity a new bonnet is, under any circumstances, when the time comes that fashion demands that a woman must have one. In less than ten minutes after entering the store, as I stood bewildered at the magnificence of the new "creations and productions," and the ceaseless throng of the devotees of fashion flowing in, to gaze upon them and admire, I saw tea of those costly wonders sold at prices varying from \$15 to \$50—and cash paid for them at that. Not less than \$1000 was paid for bonnets at that store during the morning, so I was informed by the head man-milliner; for Harry Taylor is not the only man-milliner in New York. I found that my merchant did not need my sympathy; but I thought my sex were entitled to my pity, and their husbands to every one's commiseration.

Yet, although I deprecate that insane adoration of a "love of a bonnet," so inherent in the feminine mind, I am going to cater to the passion by describing some of those bonnets or the general effect they made on my mind, for the readers of the WOMAN'S WORLD. For full well do I know that, if women will buy bonnets when financial ruin is staring the whole world in the face, the dearest topic to the feminine soul must be—bonnets, whether they are well-made or not.

He shall place on the accepted list: "Be Conqueror"; "Seth Martin's Escape"; "Dead-Man's Falls"; "Cuba's Reply"; "Unkind Husband"; "Love and the Swan"; "More Luck Than Skill"; "The First Novel"; "Mrs. More Drowsy"; "Patent Outsize"; "Dear Good"; "Bon! You Wish You Could?"; "A Sister's Wrong"; "The Doctor's Last Call"; "The Greatest Catch of the Season"; "A Lively Time at a Funeral"; "Old Spokes"; "Dorgere's A Stroke"; "Mrs. Ferwilliger's Sailor"; "A Lump of Clay"; "Broken Surprises"; "A Bird Song."

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A STORY.

BY JOHNNIE DABE.

The old manor-house seemed to frown in the night,
And the moonbeams, so ghostly and pale,
Threw out their deep shadows as if in affright,
And the wind gave a desolate wail.

In her chamber aloft in the lonely old tower,
Fair Ethel sat pale as one dead,

For a week from that night, at the very same hour,
She should marry—her guardian had said.

Old Simpkins, the banker, had asked for her hand
To give to young Roger, his son,

"Twill join our estates—'tis a fine piece of land;"

Said her guardian, "it's well—count it done."

But the old heads in plotting ne'er thought of young

hearts—

And so, in the sequel you'll find.

Two heads bound together in pursuit of love

Are a match for a dozen, combined.

On the river, that ran by her father's estate,

Harry Blow—pilot—brought down the mail,

And Ethel, to see him, each day as he passed,

On the river dock stood without fail.

At first 'twas the papers, and then a bouquet;

That he brought from the town up above;

Then a letter, and long ere a twelve-month had passed,

They had both of them fallen in love.

So, when Ethel heard of her terrible fate,

She went to the dock in the morn,

And Harry was frightened to see his dear mate

Sit weeping alone, all forlorn.

She told him her story; he stamped both his feet;

Then a bright, happy thought came, I know,

For he jumped up and said: "Ethel, mine, meet me here."

When I bring up the mail from below.

"Be ready to travel; and, Ethel, my dear,

You may as well make up your mind,

For trouble, for, if your old guardy should hear,

Be sure he'll not be far behind!"

So a week passed away and all was prepared,

And the guests were awaiting the bride;

Ethel stole from her room, and went down on the dock,

And Harry stood there by her side.

The time came and passed; no Ethel came down;

Young Roger looked nervously round;

And old Simpkins wondered, the guests looked surprised,

And her guardian muttered and frowned;

When a servant came in with a pale, frightened face,

And said: "Missie left here to-night."

With a bundle of clothes, and she's now on the dock.

And the mail-boat is coming in sight."

"Bring my horse," cried the guardian, "and mine," said

the son:

"She shall not get away from us so;

"Tis only a mile from the river to here,

We can beat the old mail-boat, I know."

"And then, Master Sailor, look out for yourself,

For stealing my bride thus away;"

Quoth the guardian: "We'll catch him, and, Roger, my boy."

He'll run it for many a day."

But Harry looked back and saw him approach,

And the boy was seen to be a

rocket, and up from the deck of the boat

Rose another, of crimson and green.

Said Harry, "They see us; now let them come on!

The boys will be first,

For they're coming along at a terrible rate;

Now, Ethel, prepare for the worst."

The riders come thundering down o'er the hill,

And have now but a half-mile to run,

But the boat's at the dock, she stops—she has gone!

They're aboard, and the wild race is won!

A curse from the guardian, a yell from the son,

And a cheer from the hands on the boat,

And Harry and Ethel, high up on the deck,

Are the happiest couple afloat!

Says Harry, "My friends, there's a parson aboard,

I engaged him below at the town,

So we'll have a fine wedding; the captain, I know,

Will say that the thing's done up brown."

In a nest on the col in the mossy hillock,

With the best light given view,

Live Harry and Ethel, now happy and free;

Long life to lovers true!

A Wife's Cure.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

"Married, eh? well, Phil, I must give vent to my candid opinion and say I think you are a fool."

"Indeed, you're mistaken! Just wait until you see my wife before you express yourself. Why, Tom, she's one—no, she's the very nice, prettiest little woman that ever you saw!"

Mr. Philip Graham, the husband of three months, looked down on his bachelor friend with an expression of supreme pity.

"Oh, doubtless," returned Tom Anderton. "And I suppose she don't lead you by the nose, or anything?"

How innocently meek he asked that question; how wrathfully the young husband fired up!

"Tom, don't insult her! As if my dainty little Clare would undertake to guide me, or dictate to me in any of my affairs! No, indeed, Tom Anderton, Mrs. Graham understands too thoroughly the duties and requirements of a wife to attempt such unworthy proceedings."

"And, of course, Mr. Philip Graham is so perfect a husband that he thoroughly understands all the little delightful deceptions that can be practiced on these trusting wives? I say, whatever I said, she's the very nice, prettiest little woman who daren't object when their liege lords smoke in the parlor, or—"

"But Clare's not that sort, either. I tell you, come home to dinner with me and see for yourself. I've sent home a pair of chickens for a roast. You like that?"

"I'd like to see Mrs. Phil better. Yes, I'll drop in the office again about five, and run up with you!"

At exactly six that evening Tom Anderton sat opposite "Mrs. Phil," politely staring at the vision of loveliness, grace and piquancy, she presented.

She was a fair-haired little woman, with dark violet eyes, and statuesque cheeks; and she had enhanced all this fair-like sweetness of hers by wearing a light-blue silk dress, trimmed with dark-blue; lace collar and cuffs, scarce whiter than her throat and hands.

And Tom tried his best to hide his admiration, fearful lest Phil should, in a burst of triumph, step off his pet corn under the table.

"Clarie, I have to run down to New Mills to-morrow on urgent business. I may be obliged to stay till the day but one after, so just throw a couple of shirts and handkerchiefs in my valise, will you, dear?"

Tom instantly noted the shadow that flitted across her face.

"Again, Phil? I had an idea that New Mills was not much of a place for business, I'll see the valise."

Then they got to talking, and Mrs. Graham graciously excused herself, while the gentlemen drank their champagnes and smoked.

"You see, Tom, I told you it was all right, whatever I said, bless her sweet face! I'm going down for a night off to-morrow; there's a ball to be held at the new depot at New Mills, and almost all the railway officials of this division of the Erie will attend."

"But why not take Mrs. Phil?"

Phil shrugged his broad shoulders.

"Oh, well, you see, Tom, a fellow don't want to be found tied to a—"

"To the nicest, prettiest, sweetest little woman that ever lived, eh?"

Graham blushed a little.

"That's so, but—"

"Let me finish it for you, Phil. It's a shame to call a shadow to that sweet face of your wife. She's a loving, trusting little creature, Phil, and I think you give her a worse heartache than you imagine—"

"Go on; I'm not of a jealous disposition."

"No; you know what I mean. Take my

advice, and either stay at home or take Clare with you!"

Just then Clare came in.

"I've laid out your things, ready for to-morrow. Don't stay longer than you can help, will you, Phil?"

"Drive me over to the new depot."

It was a splendid-looking little lady, with jet-tight of hair and rich Brunette skin, with which the dark-blue eyes contrasted beautifully.

"All right, Miss—"

The Jesus paused inquiringly.

"That's of no consequence, only I'm Miss Milford, and want you to drive me over to the ball-room in the depot just as quick as you can."

The bonny little lady leaned back against the leather cushions and laughed to herself all the way.

"It's the most blessed piece of luck that it's a mask ball, and won't I give him one lesson, thanks to Mr. Anderson!"

All were astonished at this question, and even King Congo pricked up his ears to listen.

"Yes, of course I know him; what of it?"

Fayette demanded.

"He come to see my gran-fader to-night. I was up sta'r's jes' gwine fur to sleep when he come in. I heerd him tell ole man dat he had somethin' tickular to say to him dat he didn't want nobody fur to hear; so when ole man come up, I made out dat I was fas' asleep, an' I jes' heerd'ole hole on it. Dere was a valer nigger named Jupiter an' he left a tin box full of somethin' wid ole man for dis yero Massa Texas fur to come and git, an' he's gwine to give ole man a hundred dollar fur it; an' it's somethin' to do wid a gemmen dat was killed in de war-time afore de Yankees come, an' de overseer, Massa Texas, an' ole man is gwine arter de box de furst t'ing in de mornin' after sun up."

Clare had been dancing with a fierce-looking brigand chief, to whom she pointed her husband.

"Who is that stylish gentleman yonder, leaning beside that pillar? Couldn't we be introduced? I do admire him so much."

The handsome brigand wished his little silver-starred, ebon-robed Night were as enthusiastic over him, but he answered with a very good grace:

"That? I believe it is Conductor Graham, of 45. I've no doubt he'll be greatly delighted to make the charming acquaintance of Miss John-like," he paused for an answer.

"Oh! Miss Milford."

And five minutes later Phil was bowing deeply before the petite lady, thanking her for her condescending kindness. Such a flirtation as that! Clare leaned so confidingly against him, and Phil squeezed her hand so tenderly, and then implored her to dance with him the rest of the evening.

"But I'm afraid it wouldn't do," she laughed.

"Bless you, my Queen of Night, I'm not troubled with the latter appendage! As regards the former—why—why—I think I have had one since you came in with the room."

"I t'ought maybe dat dere might be somethin' good in dat yere box dat you'd like fur to have, an' so I done come to tell you all 'bout it," the boy said.

"Jim Crow, you're jes' the smartest little nigga that is in this yere county!" exclaimed Ozark.

"If you keep on, you'll be hung, sure."

"Nuffin but a common black snake; they don't bite," Ozark said.

She spoke so carelessly, but Phil started.

"Bless you, my Queen of Night, I'm not troubled with the latter appendage! As regards the former—why—why—I think I have had one since you came in with the room."

"I t'ought maybe dat dere might be somethin' good in dat yere box dat you'd like fur to have, an' so I done come to tell you all 'bout it," the boy said.

"Jim Crow, you're jes' the smartest little nigga that is in this yere county!" exclaimed Ozark.

"If you keep on, you'll be hung, sure."

"Nuffin but a common black snake; they don't bite," Ozark said.

"That was a little awkward! Just suppose whatever he gave this little charmer should, by some horrid fatality, get back to his wife?"

But this same little charmer must not be ill-used after her fresh, sweet confidences.

"There's not much a gentleman wears that would be acceptable to a lady, Miss Milford—suppose I give you a pass on the road for a quarter?"

He nearly caught himself, and that mythical "sister" almost choked Clare to death.

"If I only might have a tress of that lovely hair, Miss Milford—or a spangle off your dress, or a glove—something to remind me of the exquisite bliss of to-night?" The fat store keeper fairly shuddered at the idea.

"Bless me, no!" he cried. "It is quite bad enough to tramp out there, without trying my luck any further in the swamp. I always contrive to step into some cursed mud-hole that I never discover until I am up to my knees in water. And then, to-night, I came within an inch of treading on a black snake that looked as big round as my arm."

The yellow-boy grinned at the dubious compliment.

"Ozark, I reckon that you and I had better go after this box; it may contain something of importance; and then again, it may not amount to anything at all. It will do no harm, though, to look after it," said Fayette.

"I suppose, Foxcroft, that you don

Texas put in. They use a good deal of gold and silver where he came from, even now," said Winnie. "I remember, too, I heard coins jingle in his pocket as he sat down that night in your cabin."

"I reckon you're right, an' you don't get nary dollar out of this chile on a sure thing!" Gol replied.

"S'pose you drop 'nother quarter in and make squirrel fetch—how's dat?" Pete asked, for the first time taking part in the conversation.

"I s'wot, that is a good idee!" the old hunter exclaimed. "Now, Pete, you don't say much, but when you do talk, it's chunks of solid wisdom. Gi'n us your quarter," and Gol stuck out his hand to the German, winking at Winnie as he did so.

"Nem; me no got so mooch," Pete said, with a stolid face.

Winnie laughed outright. "Euchered!" he exclaimed; "old man, you can't get Pete's quarter on deposit in *that bank!*"

"What in thunder is the use of making a motin' if he can't carry it out?" demanded Gol, with a comical grin.

"I've got a big penny in my pocket," said Winnie. "That will do for the experiment."

"Oh, go a silver quarter, lefenant, an' kinder encourage the little critter," Gol said, with a sober face.

"No; the cent is just as good," Winnie replied; "I don't care to take any more stock in your bank than I can help."

The young soldier rose to his feet and tossed the penny in through the hole in the tree.

Then the squirrel was dispatched on his mission, but after a minute or two, he came out of the hole empty-handed.

"That's it, by thunder!" cried Gol; "he's been trained on stamps, an' don't understand that silver an' copper air valuable. I see that I will have to commence his education over again, or else git another squirrel an' train him on silver!"

Then Pete rose suddenly to his feet and cast his rifle into the hollow of his arm. All three of the men were armed, as they had been after ducks down the river that morning.

"Good-by; me comes back soon," the German said.

"Whar yer bound?" demanded Gol.

"Walk!" was the lad's laconic reply.

"Down to see Tilda, eh?"

"Maybe."

"Wal, look out for that ring-tailed wild-cat, Yell Ozark; he's squintin' arter Tilda himself," said Gol, warningly.

"Me look; not afraid if he was der tuyvel," Pete returned, as he walked off down the river.

"That boy's clear grit from his head to his big toe!" Gol ejaculated, in admiration, after Pete had got out of hearing. "I would feel a mighty sight easier 'bout him, though, if that pesky varmint, Yell Ozark, was run out of the country."

"I don't think that he'll be around much longer," Winnie said. "General Smith told me when I was in Little Rock, about a week ago, that he was going to send a squad after Ozark very soon, with orders not to return until they got him."

"I don't hanker after blood much, but a wild beast like Ozark ain't fit to live," Gol said, gravely.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 181.)

The Specter Barque. A TALE OF THE PACIFIC.

BY CAPT. MAYNE REED,
AUTHOR OF "TRACKED TO DEATH," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER LXXVI.

THE LOST LOG-BOOK.

No common pirates, then; no mere crew of mutinous sailors, have carried off Carmen Montijo, and Inez Alvarez. It has been done by Francisco De Lara, and Faustino Calderon. For though they discover no evidence of the latter having been aboard the barque, it is deduced, leaving no doubt. With a scheme like that in prospect, such conspirators were not likely to part.

Now cognizant of the whole plan, with its particulars, the young officers stand gazing in one another's faces, both showing an expression of the most piteous wretchedness. The new discovery has increased it. It was painful to think of their sweethearts being the sport of robbers. But they would rather that than know them in the power of De Lara and Calderon. From what they remember of these two men, the poor girls are doomed to ruffian treatment—to ruin.

"Yes, it is all clear," says Crozier, after a pause. "No gold-getting has brought about this. That may have influenced the others who shined as their confederates, but with them the scheme has been more comprehensive, a motive different as devilish. I see it all now."

"Do you know, Ned, I half suspected it from the first. You remember what I said as we were leaving San Francisco. After what happened between us and the two scoundrels, I had my fears about our dear girls being left in the same place with them. Still, who'd have ever thought of their following them aboard ship? Above all with Blew there, and after his promise to protect them. I remember his saying he'd lay down his life to shield them."

"He swore it—to me he swore it. It's hard to believe he has broken his oath. But from what Don Gregorio says he must have done it, and leagued with the other eleven. It appears there was that number, besides Blew. Of the four who spoke Spanish, two no doubt were De Lara and Calderon, the others their confederates who lay in wait for us that night. Oh! that they had succeeded in their intent. I could wish they had killed me!"

"Dear Ned, don't talk so despairingly. I admit things have a black look, but they may brighten. I have got a sort of belief they will. What do you propose doing after we get to Panama? If we find the frigate there, we'll be obliged to join her."

"Obliged! There's no obligation for a man reckless as I—as this misery makes me. Unless Captain Bracebridge consents to assist us in the search we contemplate, I shall go alone."

"No, Crozier; not alone, there's one that'll be with me."

"Of course, Will, I know I can count on you. What I mean is, if Bracebridge won't help us with the frigate, I'll charter a vessel myself, engage a crew, and search every foot of the American coast, till I find where they've put ashore. I tell you, Cad, I love Carmen Montijo better than my life. And when a man feels that way he may do much. I have money at my command—a large fortune—and I shall spend it all to punish these pirates. If it must be, I shall leave the service. My commission may go to the dura."

"And mine. I'm with you in any way. What a pity we can't tell the place where they put in. They must have been near land to take an open boat?"

"In sight of—close to it. I've questioned Don Gregorio. He knows that much, and but little more. The poor gentleman is almost as bad as beside himself as the skipper. A wonder he's not insane, too. He says they had sighted land

that morning; the first since leaving California. The captain told them they would reach Panama in about two days after. As the boat was being rowed away he saw her through the stern windows. She appeared to make for some land not far off, lit up by a clear moonlight. That's all I can get out of him."

"The old negro can tell no better story?"

"I've questioned him, too. He's equally sure of their having been close in to the coast; but what part he has no idea, any more than the oursangs. However, he states a particular fact, which is more satisfactory. A short while before they laid hold of him he was looking over the side, and saw a strangely shaped hill or mountain. He describes it as having two tops. The moon was between them, and that was why he took notice of it. That's the sum and substance of his topographical knowledge. Limited though it be, I like it the best. That double-headed hill may some day stand us

Condor's head in position till she heads to meet the steamer. The two officers, with the negro assisting, board tacks and sheets and trim sails for the changed course.

Soon the two vessels steered in opposite directions, and lessen the distance between. And as they mutually make approach, each speculates on the character of the other. They on board the barque have little difficulty in deciding upon that of the steamer. At a glance they have seen she is not a war-ship, but a passenger packet; and as there are no others in that part of the Pacific Ocean, she can only be one of the "liners" lately established between San Francisco and Panama.

They are sure of this, and equally certain she is coming down from the former port, her destination the latter.

Not so easy for those aboard the steamship to make out the character of the craft, that has turned up in their track, standing straight toward them. They see a barque, polacca-masted, with some sails set, and others hanging in shreds from her yards. This of itself would be enough to excite curiosity; but there is something besides, a flag reversed flying at her mast-head—the ensign of Chili.

Mattering not what its nationality, enough that they know it to be a signal of distress appealing to their sympathy.

Responding to the appeal, the commander of the steamship, on coming near, orders her engines to reverse action, till the huge Leviathan, late coming at the rate of twelve knots to the hour, gradually lessens speed, and at length lies motionless upon the surface of the sea.

Simultaneously the barque being "hove to," her sails cease propelling her, and she also drifts, less than a cable's length between the two.

From the steamer the hail comes:

"Barque ahoy. What barque is that?"

"The Condor—Valparaiso—in distress!"

"Send a boat aboard!"

"Not strength enough to man it."

"Wait, then; we'll tow you."

In less than five minutes time one of the quarter-boats of the liner is lowered down, and a crew leaps into it. Pulling off from her side, it soon touches that of the vessel in distress; but not for its crew to board her; Crozier has already traced out his course of action. Slipping down into the steamer's boat, he requests her crew to row him to their ship, which they do without questioning. The uniform which he wears entitles him to respect—to command.

Stepping on board the steamship, he sees that she is what he has taken her for: a packet from San Francisco—*en route* to Panama. She is crowded with passengers, at least a thousand standing upon her decks. They of all qualities and kinds, all colors and nationalities. Most of them California gold-diggers returning to their homes, some successful, and consequently cheerful, others downcast and dispirited.

He is not long in telling his tale; first to the commander of the steamship, along with his officers; then to the passengers. For to them he makes appeal, not alone to assist in navigating the barque, but to go with him in pursuit of the pirate crew that abandoned her.

He makes known his position, and power to reward; both indorsed by the commander of the steamship, who by chance can answer for his credit.

They are not needed. Nor yet the promise of a money reward. Among the stalwart men who return from California, even the raggedest, are many who are heroes, true Paladins, despite their common attire. And amidst their rags, pistols and knives ready to be drawn for the right.

After hearing the young officer's tale, coupled with the appeal he makes, twenty men spring forward in response to it. Not for the reward offered, but as volunteers in the cause of humanity and justice. He could select twice, or thrice the number. But deeming twenty enough, with these he returns to the Condor.

The two vessels then part company, the steamer continuing on for Panama; while the barque, now better manned, and with more sail set, is steered for the point where the line of lat. 7° 20' N. intersects that of long. 82° 12' W.

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After hearing the young officer's tale, coupled with the appeal he makes, twenty men spring forward in response to it. Not for the reward offered, but as volunteers in the cause of humanity and justice. He could select twice, or thrice the number. But deeming twenty enough, with these he returns to the Condor.

The two vessels then part company, the steamer continuing on for Panama; while the barque, now better manned, and with more sail set, is steered for the point where the line of lat. 7° 20' N. intersects that of long. 82° 12' W.

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He is not long in telling his tale; first to the commander of the steamship, along with his officers; then to the passengers. For to them he makes appeal, not alone to assist in navigating the barque, but to go with him in pursuit of the pirate crew that abandoned her.

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THE SATURDAY STAR JOURNAL

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been before me in his thoughts all that time! If he stood before me this moment alive, I should do the same, the same, the same again!" She repeated it in that hollow whisper fiercerly and rapidly, her fingers locking and unlocking in that quick, nervous way, intense passion darkening the sadly ravaged face, then began her restless walk again.

"I am not sorry for it; if ever taunting pro-

vocation and deep injury were justification for a dark deed, mine was justified. If ever man's falsity and cruel heartlessness merited punishment, his did. But the horror of being haunted by that face, the terror and dread hanging over me, the fascination which holds me here when I should be putting the width of half the world between that spot and me, the visions which rise up whenever I close my eyes in the night—mark that is never sleep—they will all drive me mad yet! They are only the beginning of the end, and how long until then—how long—how long?"

Was it an answer, that short, sharp rap at the door? She gave a great start with a shriek breaking upon her lips, and her breath coming in labored gasps. The knock was repeated and she recalled some of her old bravado as she crossed to turn the key, for her door was kept always locked these days.

"The newsboy, of course," she whispered, self-assuredly. "It is his hour, and he always starts me!" She started again and shrank away as the door swung back to disclose three men grouped in the narrow passage. They advanced into the room, closing the door again, and in the two pausing by it she recognized Grandison and Dorchester. The third approached her as she stood speechlessly awaiting what she knew was to come.

"Madame, it is my painful duty to arrest you upon the grave charge of murder. In the name of the law you are my prisoner."

Her burning, startled eyes glanced at the three grave faces.

"Murder—prisoner!" she echoed, in her hallowing whisper voice. "It has come then, at last!"

How these ten days of mental torture had broken her that she should make no show of resistance! The spirit of cool effrontry which had advanced her schemes and carried her in triumph through many a trying scene before this had completely deserted her now. Dorchester stepped forward, his heart almost failing him in that moment, shocked inexpressibly at the terrible change in her.

"Before this officer carries his duty into effect, Mrs. Leland, if you have any thing to say to us as friends, I pledge my word that the confidence shall not be used against you hereafter. You need not fear to leave her alone with us for a little while, Griffith."

The detective, with a quiet nod, went out, standing guard outside the door.

"Sit down, Mrs. Leland." She sank into the chair he placed for her without a word. "Let me tell you plainly what we hope from you, what you may wish when you know all. The part you took in Darcy Casselworth's scheme of eight years ago was all discovered. It was you as the false Count Barcelli who succeeded in effecting the divorce of Elmer Casselworth from his wife. We know all that and much of this late fearful tragedy and the events preceding it, the causes which could prompt the crime with which you are charged. We do not ask any part of a confession to be used in implicating you; we do ask an explanation which may clear the long misunderstandings of a loving and suffering pair, which may close their estrangement, and reflect the light of one act of just atonement done by you. I think you already know Etolie Dupree never died—that she lives to-day, and but for this late tragedy would be reconciled to husband and child. We are here as her devoted friends; as friends to you in any way we may be able to serve you now, as well."

"Friends," she repeated, her despairing eyes fixed upon him. "Friends! I never had one friend in all my life. What is it you want of me, as friends?"

Her weary, hopeless tones filled him with a pity he had not imagined he could feel for her. Hardened, guilty, blood-stained creature that she might be, she was a woman, one that the world had used always hardly, and in the strength of his young, generous manhood, his heart reproached him for being the one to bring suspicion and discovery upon her. A thought of Etolie brought back his nerve.

"As friends to her before all, Mrs. Leland. In aiding you anyway we may, without sacrificing duty or endangering her—the woman you wronged and for whom we ask this act of justice as the simple atonement for her long suffering. The man who was her husband believes her guilty of this dark crime of which you are accused. Will you, to wipe out his unjust suspicion, write—not a confession of your guilt; we will leave time and proper evidence to prove or disprove that—but your positive knowledge of her innocence? I pledge you my word that the deposition so given shall reach no eyes but his, shall be used for no purpose but to vindicate her in his sight. Will you do this, Mrs. Leland?"

She did not answer immediately. Her gaze had fallen away from him to the floor. She was more collected than she had been, with more of her power of reasoning regained than she had commanded, except for brief intervals, for hours perhaps even days before this. She had been in that state when a great, ever-present haunting dread and terror turns the mind in the last balance between reason and the goading insanity of fear and remorse.

"I am charged with the—the murder," she said, in the same apathetic way, looking up at last. "How much is known of it?—why have they suspected me?"

"You have been under surveillance since the moment you quitted the Homestead, and your manner of action alone would attach the gravest suspicion to you. The strongest link of evidence which can be brought to bear perhaps is that the knife you took from Darcy Casselworth's table that afternoon when you called at his apartments in the Cassel House, which can be proved as out of his possession when he left there, was the same which struck the murderous blows—which was found blood-stained and buried in the sand beside him. The detective may have ferreted out stronger links yet; I am not in his confidence regarding his later knowledge. You know best what chance you stand, Mrs. Leland. Innocence may be assured in its hope of vindication; guilt never fails in bringing its own punishment."

"You are right—perhaps." She had started a little at that mention of the knife. "I am almost glad to give up the battle. It has worn upon me terribly as you can see. I killed him. It is a relief to tell you quietly in this way; I have shirked it to myself so often, it has seemed sometimes that the very people in the streets must hear me. I killed him, and if that day was to be lived over again with the other events as they all occurred, I would do the same, again and feel that I had no more to than wiped out his bitter, taunting, maddening words. He had injured me basely once; he had broken every vow of honor and loyalty man can make, but I could have forgiven him all that had he been true at the last. He only paid the penalty of his own broken vows and base hypocrisy, but from that moment my hell on

earth began. I have felt that it would come to this, and I am scarcely sorry that it has. If you will get pen and ink, I have none here, you shall write out my confession for me."

Her hard vindictiveness, cherished through the deep anguish of mental suffering it was apparent she had passed through, gave Dorchester a shocked thrill. Grandison, grown hard in his turn against the hardness of the world, was in no way affected by it.

"A full confession, Mrs. Leland?" It was the younger man speaking still. "Let me prove that I really meant the good will I expressed. We only ask for the statement of Etolie Dupree's innocence, and only for the purpose I named. You have a right to the advice of counsel before taking any steps in regard to the—the crime."

"You shall write out the confession as I give it word for word, and you can do what you please with it afterward," she answered, solidly.

"I have writing materials; I am never without them," Grandison said, seating himself by a little table near her. "Turn that shade to give me a little more light, Carroll. I will take down your confession, Mrs. Leland."

It was a long one, comprising her life history as the reader has gleaned it from the foregoing chapters. One pitiful in its moral depravity, its utter lack of woman's finer sentiment, of all generosity and nobler impulse. The one abiding faith to which she had clung, the single loyalty she had ever owned, her love for Darcy Casselworth, which had been a different man, might have proved her redemption, had been her ruin instead.

Once Griffith came to the door, which Dorchester opened, but a word and a comprehensive glance within satisfied him. It was all written out, signed and witnessed at last. Mrs. Leland rose then, steady and calm as either of them.

"I suppose I am to go with the officer," she said. "Call him in if you like." As Griffith entered she crossed the floor to an opposite door, swinging it open. "This is my bedroom; I have loved you since I saw your pictured child-face first. May I hope a return for that long devotion, the first and only love of my life?"

Audrey closed the door softly, going back to the spot where Dorchester Dupree (let us give him the name he had taken up again), the faithful, loving friend of her mother through those sorrowful years, still stood.

"They will be reconciled," she said, happy tears in her soft, dark eyes. "Don't judge my father harshly in your unswerving strength. He has been a weak man, but he was always a loving one, and I do believe the coming years of his life will testify to all his latent nobility aroused. And you who have been so true to her, how can I express my gratitude to you?"

Looking down, an irresistible impulse came over him.

"By telling me when you can that the love they will no longer need so much may be my reward—my dearest earthly hope and blessing. I have loved you since I saw your pictured child-face first. May I hope a return for that long devotion, the first and only love of my life?"

Audrey, with two happy years added to her life, grown lovely as her best promise had foretold, proved the depth of the lasting love which had strengthened during their separation, by willingly yielding the reward that the boy, dreaming over the pictured girl-face, had first coveted.

The modern mansion was re-opened, and the Casselworths—husband and wife—are happier there than ever in the earlier years of their first wedded life.

There is a fair, broad plantation redeemed to its former prosperous state, and a new handsome residence upon it where a young bride has been welcomed. But they are a loving, close-knit family, parents and children, so the winter never fails to see Mr. and Mrs. Casselworth at that pleasant Southern home, and the summer brings the younger people for some portion of it to the Homestead, as the elders are urging it, a permanent home will probably be established there with an impatient ejaculation.

"How quiet she is," Dorchester said, apprehensively. "Do you suppose she could have fainted in there?"

"We'll soon see," the detective answered, uneasily, knocking sharply at the communicating door. No response from within. He tried the knob, but the door was locked on the other side. He turned a flushed, excited face toward Grandison.

"Quick, put your shoulder to the door with mine; something is wrong in there. By my soul, I believe she's given me the slip."

The stock-broker complied, and in a moment more the hinges gave way, the door fell back. Mrs. Leland was there on her knees by the bedside, her face buried in the covering. Griffith was at her side in one instant, lifting the bowed head by main force, then fell back with a disappointed oath. It was a woman's dead, distorted face he had upturned. Dorchester uttered a shocked exclamation, but Grandison said nothing. He thought:

"It is only what I expected." He stooped to secure a little vial fallen at her side, turned it to the light, and dropped it again with two words:

"Prussic acid!"

A carriage rolled swiftly over the level sunlit road from the Cassel station, and was checked about the house to give token of the life within.

There was a darkened room within the mansion—the same from which the dead body of the schemer, who had caused such bitter suffering, had been carried forth but little more than a week before. It had another occupant now, a motionless, death-like form, but with life lingering in it still; with life to be possibly granted for years to come, but just now the balance hung evenly poised. Audrey was walking the corridor without silently, her young, fair face wearing a grave, careworn look, which it is sad to see out there.

Gilbert Casselworth had been brought back to the Homestead, more dead than alive. The result of that mad pursuit had been fractured bones and internal injuries, the dangerous nature of which could not be definitely ascertained. Every care was bestowed upon him; the physician had scarcely left his side, and now, that his experienced eye detected symptoms of his return to consciousness, the entire household was impressed with a heavy anxiety until the turn of the crisis could be known. Such a death gloom had rested upon the place; the whole neighborhood had been electrified with it, the face buried in the covering. Griffith was at her side in one instant, lifting the bowed head by main force, then fell back with a disappointed oath. It was a woman's dead, distorted face he had upturned. Dorchester uttered a shocked exclamation, but Grandison said nothing. He thought:

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The END.

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"At last, my own. I have come at last for my vindication, and to ask you of your father for a little time."

"Dear mother, he has relented at last—after all his holding out against his own heart's love for you. When I told him what truthful danger threatened you of how narrow your escape had been, he broke down at last. His bitter indignation that others should think you guilty swept away his own belief of it. Come and see for yourself, darling mamma!"

She drew her mother into the library door, and pushing it open, lingered for a moment. Her father, sitting idle in one of those great leather chairs, rose up with a tremulous eagerness, which was incredulity for one moment, and then he went down upon his knees before the beautiful, saddened woman on the back of the head and rolled over on the floor in an insensible condition.

Having given expression to this magnanimous determination, he paused to take breath. Then in a startled way, "Ki, now! what's that?"

Half rising to his feet, he listened intently.

The noise was repeated. It was the sound as of some one stepping cautiously about the other apartment. He arose, and going quickly to the door between the two rooms, peered into the dusky gloom pervading the one adjoining. But seeing nothing to augment his suspicions, he was about to return to his post in the doorway, when he was roughly seized from behind, and before he could cry out or offer any resistance, he received a stunning blow on the back of the head and rolled over on the floor in an insensible condition.

Then three dark powerful forms sought concealment in as many places within the cabin, gliding out of sight like specters—then all was still.

Returning, walking slowly arm-in-arm, a few moments later, the lovers were not a little surprised at Tom's absence from the door, and Nellie spoke quickly and in a tone of alarm.

"Something has happened," she said. "I am sure he would not have left his post unless—"

"All's well, I reckon," interrupted Jen, reassuringly. "He has probably gone inside for a moment. Come on—all is quiet."

He stepped boldly over the threshold, and a moment later Nellie saw him struggling to free himself from the grasp of two powerful savages who had sprung upon him from behind the door. Uttering a loud whoop, a third Indian rushed out of the cabin toward her. With a wild, terrified cry, she turned and fled toward the forest, hoping to elude her pursuer in the darkness. She reached the woods in safety, and encased herself in the midst of a dense thicket.

Soon the savage passed her, and with rising spirits she heard him walking from place to place through the shrubbery in search of her, but all the time going further away; and by and by his footfalls gradually died away in the distance.

She emerged from her concealment and ran again back toward the cabin. She had passed over half the distance in safety when a loud, exultant yell at the edge of the wood announced that the Indian had discovered her and was again in pursuit. With increased speed she pressed forward, hoping to outrun him, but she soon saw that that momentary hope was vain, for the savage was gaining on her rapidly.

A moment more and she would feel his rough grasp on her person; perhaps his tomahawk would fall crashing into her brain! Still she kept on, hoping that something—she knew not what—would intervene to save her.

He was close behind her—she could hear his panting, beast-like breathing—she knew that his heavy, blood-stained hand was outstretched to clutch her. All hope was gone now—she not

want—would intervene to save her.

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THE OTHER GRIMES.

BY JOE JOE, JR.

The other Grimes we learn is dead;
We grieve with sorrow sore,
He always wore a cynical smile
With buttons down before.

No downcast, moping soul was he;
He had a cheerful mien;
And looked on the bright side of things
With goggles large and green.

His learned mind the truths of life
Was very quick to catch.
He had perceptions bright and keen
With buck-skin pants to match.

He loved in Nature's fields to roam,
And friends and friendship prized,
He loved the endearing tints of home,
But Jewsharp he despised.

The sad oppressed soul of earth
Causing him some tears to shed;
He had a heart of gomions mold,
No teeth in his head.

True charity his study was;
He pitted those who pine,
The hopes of downcast men he raised,
And pumpkins, very fine.

To look at him you would have said,
A kindly man is that;
He wore the name of gentleman,
But a most wretched hat.

True wisdom of the mind made bright
His daily life and work,
His soul longed for the infinite,
And roasted beans and pork.

He sowed the precious grain of Truth
And harvested its fruits,
To bless the land he trod upon
With a smile that did not fade.

He never bowed before the proud
Because he thought it wrong,
He prayed for better days to come,
And chewed tobacco strong.

On him fell affliction's hand
To end a well-spent life.
He left the world to mourn his loss,
His widow was his wife.

DICK DARLING,
The Pony Express-Rider.
A CALIFORNIA STORY.

BY LAUNCE POYNTZ.

"MARS DICK, I tells you dat dis yer won't do. Hyar we is all alone in the perarer; and dem painted debbles comes after us, whar is we? Why, nowhar."

And Tom Nelson rolled the whites of his eyes in all directions, as if he expected to see the prairie alive with enemies.

Dick Darling laughed. He was a young fellow between twenty and thirty years of age, and he had known and escaped so many dangers that he had become somewhat reckless. Dick had been one of the first, in fact the very first man that ever rode on the Overland Pony Express, years before the Pacific Railroad was thought of. In those early days he had traversed mountain and plain so often, with packages worth millions, with no defense save his own arms, that he had grown to think that he possessed a charmed life. He was now traveling on the borders of Oregon, looking for a location to set up, within a few miles of the Klamath and Modoc reservations, and with a secret object in his mind, which will develop itself in due time.

"Never mind, Tom," he said, carelessly. "The Indians round here are all quiet on their reservations, and I wouldn't care if we were to meet a whole tribe. I came here to pre-empt a claim, and I'm going to do it in spite of all the Klamaths in Oregon. If they come after us, we can run. If we want to find them, we always have Hector, and he's a better trailer than any brave on the plains."

"Yas, Marse Dick," said the negro, dubiously, "but how is I to run wid dis ole mule? He's jes' as slow as he can be, and Hector—"

The conference was broken off by a low, uneasy whine from a large hound which was loping along close to the riders, and Tom exclaimed:

"Dar, didn't I tol you so, Marse Dick? Tom's a gone nigger dis dressed day. Dem's Injuns! I knows Hector's ways like a book!"

Dick Darling swung his rifle round from his back and caught it under his right arm before he answered. Then he quietly observed:

"You're right, Tom; they're Indians. Turn your mule and ride slowly toward Fairfield's ranche. I'll take care of you. Tell Miss Charlotte—I mean, tell the Fairfields that I shall be there by sunset, unless I lose my hair, which I don't think likely. Don't hurry, for they can't catch you. Keep a steady trot and you'll tire the ponies out, if you have a good start. Take Hector with you."

He had hardly finished speaking when over a swell of the prairie rode a plumed Indian, in full war costume, followed by at least a dozen warriors. As soon as the latter saw the two riders, they halted, and took a long, silent stare. For the first time Dick Darling looked grave; his keen and practiced eye recognized them as Modoc braves; and, in spite of rumors of peace, they were all in their war-paint.

"Away, Tom, and God speed you," was the young man's exhortation. Then setting spurs to his horse, he galloped straight toward the war-party, while the negro, his face turning a dirty gray with fear, and his eyes rolling wildly, trotted away to the south-west, followed by the dog, the obstinate old mule keeping the same pace, and shaking his ears with a grunt at every new dig of Tom's heels.

The darky was by no means a novice in prairie lore. With a good horse under him and a rifle, he would not have hesitated to face the same enemy that his race so heartily detests. As it was, he had fallen in with his old friend Marse Dick when he was wandering about the settled portions of California, totally unarmed, and mounted on an old mule on which he had been peddling twine to the farmers. The two had traveled on out of the bounds of civilization, Tom growing more uneasy every day, but ashamed to desert his comrade, till they came to the Klamath reservation, as we have described.

Now Tom rode off steadily to the south-west, and speedily reached a swell of land which would hide him from the pursuit of those "painted debbles" as he called them. Just as he crossed the swell he heard a rifle-shot and he looked back.

Dick Darling, one against a dozen, was galloping off at a right-angle to his own course, pursued by all the Modocs, with loud yell.

" Didn't I tol you so, Marse Dick?" muttered the darky, regrettably, as he plunged into the next bottom. "Ise gwine to Fairfield's to guy you message, but gorrangimy, tain't no use talking. Dem'll neber see you agen, now. You is smart, but Cappen Jack is smart."

The negro pursued his way with caution and experience, keeping between the swells, followed by the dog, and never exposing his person at the top of any eminence however slight. He kept toward the south-west, where, he was aware, was situated the ranche of Fairfield, the Indian trader, whose affiliations with all the tribes were such that his goods were never harmed in any war.

It was toward this place that Darling had recommended him to go. Whether he would reach it alive was a moot point still. He could not hope to do it by speed. It all depended on whether any of the Modocs followed himself or not. He pressed on, ever and anon listening intently for the sound of pursuers. But none came and the hound gave no more tokens of uneasiness. Tom pursued his way in peace; and about four in the afternoon uttered a cry of joy. Fairfield's ranche, a small neat dwelling in the midst of a stockade of great strength stood before him, as he turned the corner of a swell of land. The happy darky pounded vigorously at the sides of his mule, and succeeded in persuading the animal into a lumbering gallop, at which pace he clattered up to the gate of the stockade, yelling:

"Marse Fairfield, save yourself. De Injuns is up, and dem's done gone scalp Marse Dick Darling, and he sends de news dat he comin' hyar at sunset if he hab any ha' lef'. Oh, gorrangimy, ain't we jist had de big fight wid dem Modocs!"

The old master of the house, Mr. Fairfield, came to the gate, and the negro, who was a tall, mag-

nificent-looking fellow, stepped forward and saluted him.

"Dick Darling scalped? I'll never believe that till I see his body. Why, I'd trust Dick to whip a whole war-party. You're afraid, that's all that ails you. Come in and see if you tell a straight story."

The gate flew open, revealing a tall, magnificently-formed girl, who beckoned the negro in as if she had been used to war all her life.

Somewhat abashed, Tom dismounted and entered, muttering:

"Dat ar' Missy Charlotte, Marse Dick's gal. Ain't she lubly, just?"

A few minutes later the darky was in the stockade with his mule and dog, while old Fairfield, with his two beautiful daughters, Charlotte and Sophy, cross-questioned him strictly on the events of the morning.

When he had finished, all looked grave except Charlotte, who said firmly:

"He promised to come here this evening, and come we will. I know Dick."

In the hot noon of the prairies, a young man,

was riding leisurely up to the ranche of the Modocs.

He had hardly finished speaking when over a swell of the prairie rode a plumed Indian, in full war costume, followed by at least a dozen warriors. As soon as the latter saw the two riders, they halted, and took a long, silent stare. For the first time Dick Darling looked grave; his keen and practiced eye recognized them as Modoc braves; and, in spite of rumors of peace, they were all in their war-paint.

"Away, Tom, and God speed you," was the young man's exhortation. Then setting spurs to his horse, he galloped straight toward the war-party, while the negro, his face turning a dirty gray with fear, and his eyes rolling wildly, trotted away to the south-west, followed by the dog, the obstinate old mule keeping the same pace, and shaking his ears with a grunt at every new dig of Tom's heels.

The darky was by no means a novice in prairie lore. With a good horse under him and a rifle, he would not have hesitated to face the same enemy that his race so heartily detests.

As it was, he had fallen in with his old friend Marse Dick when he was wandering about the settled portions of California, totally unarmed, and mounted on an old mule on which he had been peddling twine to the farmers. The two had traveled on out of the bounds of civilization, Tom growing more uneasy every day, but ashamed to desert his comrade, till they came to the Klamath reservation, as we have described.

Now Tom rode off steadily to the south-west,

and speedily reached a swell of land which would hide him from the pursuit of those "painted debbles" as he called them. Just as he crossed the swell he heard a rifle-shot and he looked back.

Dick Darling, one against a dozen, was galloping off at a right-angle to his own course, pursued by all the Modocs, with loud yell.

" Didn't I tol you so, Marse Dick?" muttered the darky, regrettably, as he plunged into the next bottom. "Ise gwine to Fairfield's to guy you message, but gorrangimy, tain't no use talking. Dem'll neber see you agen, now. You is smart, but Cappen Jack is smart."

The negro pursued his way with caution and experience, keeping between the swells, followed by the dog, and never exposing his person at the top of any eminence however slight. He kept toward the south-west, where, he was aware, was situated the ranche of Fairfield, the Indian trader, whose affiliations with all the tribes were such that his goods were never harmed in any war.

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The two beautiful girls, whose fortunes are ever uppermost in the rapidly moving events of

Mr. Aiken's powerful romance, THE WOLF DEMON,

are women of the true forest type, so widely apart,

socially and by their surroundings, yet so near in

the bonds of trial, suffering and love. The serial,

for their story alone, is absorbingly readable, and

excites, in the reader, the most enthusiastic sym-

pathy.

Strange Stories.

THE ADVOCATE OF TERRACINA.
AN ITALIAN LEGEND.

BY AGILE PENNE.

BENEATH the clear Italian sky lay the ancient town of Terracina, upon the gulf of the same name, which was fed by the blue waters of the fair Mediterranean, fairest of all the southern seas.

On the tenth day of April, in the year 1598, worthy Pietro Rocca, landlord of the little inn on the outskirts of the town of Terracina, known to all as the inn of the "Golden Goat," and situated on the high road leading to Naples, rose betimes, and throwing open the doors of the hostel, prepared for the business of the day. Not that he expected much custom, for war's fierce alarm had made travelers few and far between.

The States of the Church, Milan and Venice, were all at blood-letting, and few trades, except that of throat-cutting, flourished.

As the fat host of the Golden Goat sat down under the shade of a huge Lombardy poplar to enjoy a flask of thin wine, pressed from the red Sicilian grapes, a young man plainly garbed in black, came slowly along the road. The suitable suit, the flat, three-cornered student hat, as well as the pale face and utter absence of all weapons, told the young man was a law

student.

Twenty years before, Signor Nereto, the eminent advocate of Terracina, walking one bright morning along the highway just beyond the town, came upon a babe securely nestled in a huge earthen dish, and exposed at the foot of a little rustic cross erected by some pious hand to mark the resting-place of a soul who had fallen by the swords of some fellows of the Free Bands, who, from being soldiers in the time of war, became robbers in the time of peace.

The lawyer, childless and alone in the midst of his fame and wealth, took pity upon the babe that smiled in his face, and mercifully placed the child in the care of some good people.

"There's sense in that," the Englishman observed.

"Ah, but two may be caught and the other go free; then shall he take all the gold?" the cautious Fleming asked.

"The old gentleman has just been heard from again.

He is now a hundred and twenty-five years old, and will be another year older this time next year, unless he has the whole hundred and twenty-five years cut off his life before that time. Three plugs of tobacco will last him nearly a day, and, though strictly temperate, he can't do without his regular ten drams a day. He reads the SATURDAY JOURNAL regularly every week, without the aid of specks, and laughs without any assistance, or feeling bad over it afterward. He is still active

—chops four cords of wood a day, and his board is ten dollars a week, which is considered cheap.

"He is the oldest man in this country, and his father and mother, we believe, are dead. He is quite active—can run and jump in the center of a ten-acre field; climb up on his ear; turn a grindstone with ease; fall off a fence; ride fourteen horses at once, and lick any man of his size so quick that he will think that it happened two or three days before.

MY new improved health-giving tonic is so powerful that the skeleton-man took one dose of it a day, and his appetite returned.

It took all the profits of the show to feed him, and in two weeks he weighed two hundred pounds; his hands and feet grew out of all proportion; his ears increased amazingly. In three weeks he was too fat to hand around; and they did everything to prevent him being so healthy—wouldn't let him have any more food—but that did no good; he kept on growing out of all re-collect—ever of his debts. He was fourteen feet high in one month, and a new suit of clothes cost him two hundred dollars. Attention of little men is called to the fact; they should all take it. Put up in great bottles at one dollar a bottle, and no questions asked.

AMONG railway signals, one whistle means "down break," or more generally a "break down," or a "smash up," just as it happens to be.

A succession of short whistles means that some farmer along the road will have fresh beef for supper. A red flag near the track means "danger ahead." A woman with a red dress on the track means "danger afoot."

Three whistles signifies "back up," at which the passenger generally gets his back up, but if he growls, the conductor will make him "back down."

When your car is rolling down an embankment, it signifies that "something is wrong."

WHAT is the dif—no, let me see. What would have been the difference between a torn flag and General Grant, had he been beaten at Vicksburg? You give it up?

Well, one would be a tattered banner and the other a battered tanner. I lost three nights sleep on that joke, and I thought that after all I would have to give it up myself; and nobody knows what agony that thought cost me. A pocket diamond edition of this joke will be printed, and agents are wanted in every town in the United States to call and explain it. Seventy-two dollars a week warranted!

I CAN'T get over the loss of that twenty-dollar bill yesterday. I wish now that I had invested it all in cups and saucers, and had a little satisfaction out of it by dropping them down from the second story window to see them smash. I might have ridden a week in the street cars; or, if I had known I would lose it, I might have gone and settled some of my little bills with it—I might have done that, but I wouldn't say for certain.

WHEN a young man, I tried hard to part my hair in the middle, but it wouldn't part. I used to put a briar on each side of it, but it wouldn't do.

I used to set up at night and train it; had to glue it back; did it up in papers; consulted all the editors I could reach with a ten-foot pole or a letter; wasted years of my life combing it back; lost millions of money, until my hair is now de-parted in the middle, and my agony is over.

A MAN was arrested out West lately for stealing a Bible, and sent to jail. Now, that seems to have been hardly fair. Perhaps he took it with the best intentions, and had they let him keep it long enough to read it, he would have learned it was wrong, and immediately turned over a new leaf—of the Bible.

RETAIL market. Molasses, 25 cents a yard; eggs, 20 cents a string; butter, 30 cents a foot; calico, 1 1/2—2 cents a quart; grindstones, 2 dollars a ream; bacon, 1 dollar per bolt; pants, 10 dollars a pair, half a pair, a pair; wheat, 50 cents a bushel, and candles fifty cents a can.

WHEN I was a boy, I was such a musician that I could play the most intricate operatic airs on a pair of bones so feelingly and sweetly that team would immediately start from the eyes of the hardest-hearted potato.

WHY don't they save time and ink by simply writing Cheigcaugough when they want Chicago!

CONSTITUENTS of Congressmen who took back pay, are anxious they should reverse it and pay back.

IN the ark did not pumpkin vines come under the head of "creeping things?"

As all maidens aspire to be belles, should not a milk-maid be called a cow-belle?

Too much of a good thing is entirely sufficient.

